

Press-Herald

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A Matter of Luxury

The decision of the Board of Education to put a million-dollar bond issue before the voters to finance the building of swimming pools strikes us, at first glance, like pure luxury.

We realize, however, that swimming is one of the most healthful of physical activities, and today's youth often are shorted in the schools' physical education programs. Too many wind up as spectators while the varsity teams perform on the field.

Construction of swimming pools at the high schools, then as proposed in the million-dollar issue to be added to the February bond vote, would offer to a large number of students an improved physical fitness facility.

In the same light, the development of other facilities might also prove highly beneficial, perhaps on a more limited basis. For some students it might be bowling lanes, for others additional tennis courts, handball courts, or basketball facilities.

Unfortunately, despite the high-sounding talk of a booming prosperity which has been issuing from the Oracles of Washington, the taxpayer finds it harder and harder to meet the increasing demands the growing layers of government place on his income.

A booming economy doesn't mean much to the taxpayer when the city, school, state, and federal governments, plus the myriad of special taxing agencies get through with his salary.

There are things the Torrance schools need worse than swimming pools. Bond money does not come from a bottomless well, although it's easy to infer that the school administrators are coming more and more to think the supply is unlimited.

If the schools have all the classrooms and labs and shops that are needed, the swimming pools might be a valuable addition.

Until we're convinced otherwise, the Press-Herald believes the swimming pool item calls for spending that isn't entirely necessary. We have plenty of necessary spending to suit us without adding luxury items.

We recommend now that the swimming pool idea be rejected.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Our Vanishing Heritage

By ROSS A. SCIARROTTA
Torrance City Councilman

A political scientist must evaluate governmental functions of the past, present, and project future trends. A City Councilman experiences and lives through these changes. Being both, I can see a continuous creeping invasion on the residual powers of local governments. In most cases, local officials unwittingly invite this encroachment. If the trend continues, one of these days we will awaken and find that our local authority is subservient, entirely, to the Federal Government.

The real problems which confront American communities, and will confront them in the future, are on the desks of Mayors and Councilmen of America. Who, more than they, can unite to pursue common objectives for the betterment of their communities and their people? Are we, as city officials, to be robbed of the initiative, resourcefulness and daring which was common with the city officials of past generations? If everything is to be planned for us—through the magic of handouts—by a far off government of delegated powers, then we, as city officials have outlived our usefulness.

The growth and the strength of our communities depends on how well local officials and local citizens do their jobs. Are we to believe that states and localities do not have the primary responsibility for meeting these problems? Who can better deal with community problems than those who know them best? A community's determination to mobilize its own public and private resources to modernize it, is much more efficient and surely more gratifying. Many of our cities, in the mad scramble to accept Federal hand-out, obligated themselves to match these funds and today find themselves unable to meet their obligations just as our National Government has not been able to reduce the national debt. These cities will eventually find out that they must not only meet their local obligations but must also help pay back the Federal handout which they felt was God-sent. It is hard to understand why some of this money, if it is available, is not left in the states to begin with. Thirty-seven cents out of each dollar is lost on the way to Washington and back.

We are all proud of our heritage and our founding fathers and the constitution which they handed down to us. It's a great document. It has survived for 176 years. It specifically states that the Federal Government is a government of delegated powers and it lists those powers and limitations. Our Federal Government should concentrate and limit itself to the powers delegated to it. It's a big job to provide for the common defense, establish postal roads, deliver the mail, promote friendly relations with foreign countries, make favorable treaties, regulate foreign and interstate commerce, regulate our currency and standards of measurements, and settle disputes between states.

If each segment of our American Political Institutions is left alone to do the tasks which belong to it, and our citizenry becomes the real watch-dog and sees to it that each segment performs intelligently and efficiently and refuse to return to office those who fail in their duties, America will have nothing to fear. However, if this creeping encroachment on local rule continues, it will not only weaken community authority—the fundamental essential of democracy—and citizen responsibility but also destroy the importance of the individual.



SACRAMENTO REPORT

Marine Corps Marks 190 Years of Honor, Glory

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL
Assemblyman, 46th District

Wednesday will be celebrated in many far-flung corners of the world as the birthday of the United States Marine Corps. Almost eight months before the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776, an event took place in the same city which deserves more than a footnote in the history of our republic.

On Nov. 10, 1775, at Tun Tavern, not far from Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, "a Corps of Marines" was regularly enlisted to serve at sea on the ships of the newly created American Continental Navy. Many of the men who joined the Marine Corps that day were at sea under John Paul Jones when they became United States Marines on July 4, 1776.

The emblem of the United States Marine Corps is a globe and anchor surmounted by the American eagle with outspread wings. The globe represents the fact that our marines have served on the land, on the sea, and in the air, all over the earth. The anchor is the same anchor as that used in the emblem of the United States Navy, symbolic of the fact that the U.S. Marine

Corps is part of the Navy.

The motto of the Corps is "Semper Fidelis" — Always Faithful. "Semper Fidelis" is also the title of the official march of the Marine Corps. The music was written by John Phillip Sousa when he was leader of the U.S. Marine Corps Band in Washington, D.C. There are no official words for the march. There are unofficial verses which are very earthy.

The unofficial but very popular march of the Marine Corps is the "The Marines' Hymn," commonly called "The Halls of Montezuma" because the first verse begins: "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli." The music was taken from a light opera composed by Offenbach, titled by him "Genevieve de Barbaranc." There are countless verses but the authors are unknown.

The Marines' Hymn is often played softly as a hymn. Usually it is played and sung in 4/4 time as a lively march. It also is played as a waltz in 3/4 time for the weddings of marines. When a marine is carried to his last earthly resting place, the Hymn becomes a dirge and is played in 2/4 time while the procession marches at the traditional fifteen-inch half-step. Then when the services are over, the band marches off, playing the Hymn of the Corps as a lively march, symbolic of the marine's faith in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting.

The colors of the Corps are red and gold. Red represents bravery and the blood shed for God and the Republic that marines are proud to serve. The gold does not represent money because no marine ever died rich. Gold stands for fidelity, the same faithfulness expressed in Semper Fidelis.

If you are not too busy on Wednesday morning, pause for a moment of prayer for all the men of all the armed forces, not forgetting the marines overseas. Then, if you have a few minutes more, raise the National Colors, hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole—display the Flag of the United States of America.

Some woman passing by may have a son in the service of our country. He may be a marine in Viet Nam. When she sees your Flag, she will know that someone has a heart. The colors of the United States Marine Corps are red and gold. Also, they are red, white and blue.

From the Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald:

The Honorable A. S. Herlong, Jr., Representative from Florida, on January 10, 1963, placed in the Congressional Record a list of "Current Communist Goals." Here are some of the goals which he listed, and of which we should be very much afraid, lest we succumb to the Communist line:

"U. S. acceptance of co-existence as the only alternative to atomic war."

"U. S. willingness to capitulate in preference to engaging in atomic war."

"Develop the illusion that total disarmament by the United States would be a demonstration of moral strength."

"Permit free trade between all nations regardless of whether or not items could be used for war."

"Provide American aid to all nations regardless of Communist domination."

"Promote the U.N. as the only hope of mankind. If its charter is rewritten, demand that it be set up as a one-world government with its own independent armed forces."

"Do away with all loyalty oaths."

"Get control of the schools. Use them as transmission belts for socialism and current Communist propaganda. Soften the curriculum. Get control of teachers' associations. Put the party line in textbooks."

"Use student riots to foment public protest against programs or organizations which are under Communist attack."

"Infiltrate the press. Get control of book-review assignments, editorial writing, policymaking positions."

"Gain control of key positions in radio, TV and motion pictures."

"Eliminate all laws governing obscenity by calling them 'censorship' and a violation of free speech and free press."

"Break down cultural standards of morality by promoting pornography and obscenity in books, magazines, motion pictures, radio and TV."

"Infiltrate the churches and replace revealed religion with 'social' religion. Discredit the Bible and emphasize the need for intellectual maturity which does

not need a (quote) 'religious crutch'."

"Discredit the American Constitution by calling it inadequate, old-fashioned, out of step with modern needs, a hindrance to co-operation between nations on a worldwide basis."

"Belittle all forms of American culture and discourage the teaching of American history on the ground that it was only a minor part of the 'big picture'."

"Support any socialist movement to give centralized control over any part of the culture—education, social agencies, welfare programs, mental health clinics, etc."

"Eliminate the House Committee on Un-American Activities."

"Discredit and eventually dismantle the FBI."

"Repeat the Connally Reservation so the United States cannot prevent the World Court from seizing jurisdiction over nations and individuals alike."

These are the things which we need to guard if we would preserve our freedom and defeat Communism.

JOHN McDONALD WREN

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Press Agent's Ad Turns Up One Legion Survivor

STUNT: Those "Personal" ads that have been running in local want ad sections (Soldiers of fortune, rise again, fight again for American cash! Wanted at once, former members of the French Foreign Legion, etc.) sounded like a pitch for a secret army, but no. It was only the fine, sneaky hand of Russell Birdwell, H'wood's premier press agent. Universal is doing a second re-make of "Beau Geste," this time with Bill Holden (ten points if you remember Ronald Colman in the '26 original, five points for Gary Cooper in '38) and the ad flushed one local survivor of the Legion: Leon Nicolai, a well-to-do mfr. of women's clothes. . . . An Imperial Russian diplomat in Paris during W'War I, he joined the Legion and served in the Sudan and Algeria till 1920, winning a boxful of medals. He is not, however, answering the ad: "I'm too old to fight again."

JULIO BORTOLAZZO, Pres. of San Mateo College, has a favorite school story—about the kindergarten teacher who brings a rabbit for the kids to play with, and is asked: "Is it a boy or a girl?" When she replies "I don't know," a boy pipes up, "I know how to report what Bernie Allen find out." Bracing herself.

she asks "How?" "We can take a vote," he replies brightly.

YANKEE KNOW-HOW strikes again: a life-size "Little Honeymoon Doll"—inspired, of course, by Moon Maid's motherhood in the Dick Tracy comic strip—is already on the market. . . . Shirley Temple and Charlie Black were off to shoot the Rogue River rapids in Oregon—and a friend asked her: "Isn't it dangerous?" "Golly, I hope so," dimpled Shirly. . . . Disc Jock Dan Sorkin, who distributes those nutty "Mary Poppins is a Junkie" bumper strips, is threatened with a suit by Walt Disney, who made the movie and can PROVE that the tea she prepares is for drinking, not smoking. (Sorkin is also responsible for that "Watching TV Makes You Sterile" strip, to be followed soon by "Apple Pie Is Fluoridated"). . . . Where is a hamburger not a hamburger? In Hamburg, Germany, reports a recent returnee. He asked for a hamburger there and was served a shot of Kummel with a beer chaser. In Hamburg, THAT'S a hamburger. . . . Since Frank Sinatra has been around these parts lately, perhaps it's timely to report what Bernie Allen said to Frank Sinatra Jr.

one recent night. After hearing him sing, Bernie said: "Kid, you're good — you don't have to trade on your father's name. Why don't you drop the Jr.?"

A BIG MAILING machine outfit refuses to use a proposed stamp cancellation reading "War Is Costly, Peace Is Priceless" because it's "too controversial," and that's a funny word for the simple truth. . . . The Red Skeltons are a fun-lovin' couple, even early in the morning. Breakfasting here with a friend one recent a.m., Georgia said: "I had the kookiest dream last night — I dreamt that Red gave me \$500." Red: "And I told you to go to back to sleep and spend it" . . . Basil Woon, my own traveling correspondent, post-cards from Teheran: "Coca-Cola out here, Pepsi in" — proving that Joan Crawford's magic spell indeed is everywhere. . . . Tennessee Ernie Ford was standing in line for a table at the Atherton Club the other night when Mgr. Jim Popovich suddenly spotted him. "Imagine you waiting for a table," he sputtered, "Why didn't you tell the hostess who you are?" "If I have to do that," smiled Ernie, "I'm not!"

ROYCE BRIER

Space Journeys May Pose Problems in Life Rhythm

Deep thinkers from the time of Socrates have been impressed with the reality that men do not pass through life in level flight.

For no known reason they feel badly one day, and fine the next; they are down and pessimistic, or up and optimistic in periods, and all without the help of chemicals like alcohol.

This periodic change of state is very noticeable in marital relations, but it applies to all human relations. It has a rhythmic quality, and psychologists have been taxed to find a cause. Did the rhythm respond to a clock in the biological system, or was it environmental?

Late in the last century the matter came to the attention of cosmologists, who had discovered the 11-year sunspot cycle. Here was the biggest timepiece we know, and it was evident that the sunspot maximum, solar radiation bathing terrestrial life was also at a maximum. But scientists have been unable effectively to correlate the sunspot cycle with a planetary cycle, particularly

among the lower vertebrates, and insects like the cyclic locusts.

A few years ago a curious and vague clue arose with jet aviation. A railroad train is not fast enough to distort the time-environment relation for the traveler, but 500 m.p.h. manifestly did.

Most of us feel out of sorts after a five-hour flight. We feel a need to adjust to a new life dimension in eating, sleeping and doing, and this adjustment period may require a day or several days. Yet the discomfort cannot be lucidly described.

Space travel (that is, our rudimentary experience with it) has aroused new interest in this common phenomenon. The other day in St. Louis E. R. Spangler, a biologist, told a meeting of space engineers that the problem will need extensive study. He said animals and plants are rhythmic systems adjusted "in subtle ways to the many periodicities of the planet, but their adaptations are imperfectly understood."

He illustrated it with a mystery which has been

thrashed over by biologists for decades.

It runs like this: remove a species of crab from a beach to a laboratory tank, and the crab will rise and descend in his tank in coordination with the rise and fall of the tide on his beach.

What mechanism in the crab brings this off? But what mechanism determines bird migration and salmon runs?

Spangler says the need of "recycling" the biological clock will be intensified by supersonic travel, but the real problem will come with sustained space travel, where time-environment changes will be high multiples of the 2000 m.p.h. airplane.

"It turns out, he said, 'that rhythms developed over millions of years of adaptation, can't be broken, then the spaceman will die.'"

He didn't say so, but he implied serious space travel is impossible unless a way can be found to break or nullify a life rhythm on earth.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Show Business Writings Crowd Publishers' Lists

Publishers' lists seem heavier than usual this season with personal statements by show business personalities. I can understand the appeal of a Sammy Davis Jr. with his exuberant and strong observations in "Yes I Can," the best-seller of the season to date in this category. Others, already published or due within weeks, are less than historic documents, as I had occasion to find out by burrowing through several last week-end.

Mickey Rooney's autobiography, for example, titled in lower case "i.e.," and due from Putnam's early this month. One wonders why. It is an arrogant statement, from what I could take off it by the movie "Puck" and "Andy Hardy" of yesteryear who became a gifted lover and a symbol, like his former co-star Judy Garland, of all the worst that a Hollywood career could do to a child in the 1930s and '40s. The publishers stress that Rooney wrote it all himself, for whatever that is worth.

In "A Gift of Laughter" (Atheneum), the comedian

Allen Sherman presents his autobiography. Psychoanalysis to the jungles of network television to almost accidental success with "My Son the Folk Singer," "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh" and the like.

A breezy, uninhibited statement, and a merciless one as Sherman describes the lunacy, frustration, waste and wholesale phoniness that goes into commercial television production.

Sherman was a producer in this fantasyland before his funny records placed him in the truly impressive tax brackets.

Another gift — this one "A Gift of Joy," is a Helen Hayes memory book from Evans-Lippincott. Personal reminiscences plus philosophical overtones that seem to border on the self-help, or self-realization variety, by a lady who can still play a convincing role — this one the nicest, most proper upper middle-class widow and mother on the block. Just too saccharine for my taste. The veteran actress includes

bits and pieces from her favorite writers (Swinburne, Phyllis McGinley) and her favorite scenes from old successes ("Mary of Scotland," "Victoria Regina"). This seems to me a book designed for the veteran matinee-goer whose memories go back to happier theatrical times — the era of "Dear Brutus," "Coquette" and "What Every Woman Knows."

I expected more from "Lena," an autobiography (with Richard Schickel) by Lena Horne, mostly because her autobiographical piece in Show magazine a year or so ago was such a tart, positive and ebullient statement by an entertainer. The book is fairly tasty, as Miss Horne describes the frustrations in attempting to beat the racial odds in the movies, or traveling as a girl singer with bands a generation ago. These are illuminating footnotes to the social history of the entertainment business. Yet "Lena" remains a performer's story of routine dimensions rather than the emphatic, meaningful, really angry document it might have been. (Doubleday).